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AUTUMN LEAVES *from an* EASTERN MAPLE



MRS. LUCINA MOON



Yours Faithfully
Mrs. Lucina Moore.

AUTUMN LEAVES

FROM
AN EASTERN MAPLE

660
1601

A Collection of Songs and Verses
for the Home Folks

BY
Mrs. Lucina Moon



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By Mrs. Lucina Moon

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DEDICATION

TO the memory of my beloved mother who, though asleep these many years, yet speaks to me still by her early prayers and counsel;

TO the dear friends who have helped me by their kind words of encouragement and assistance;

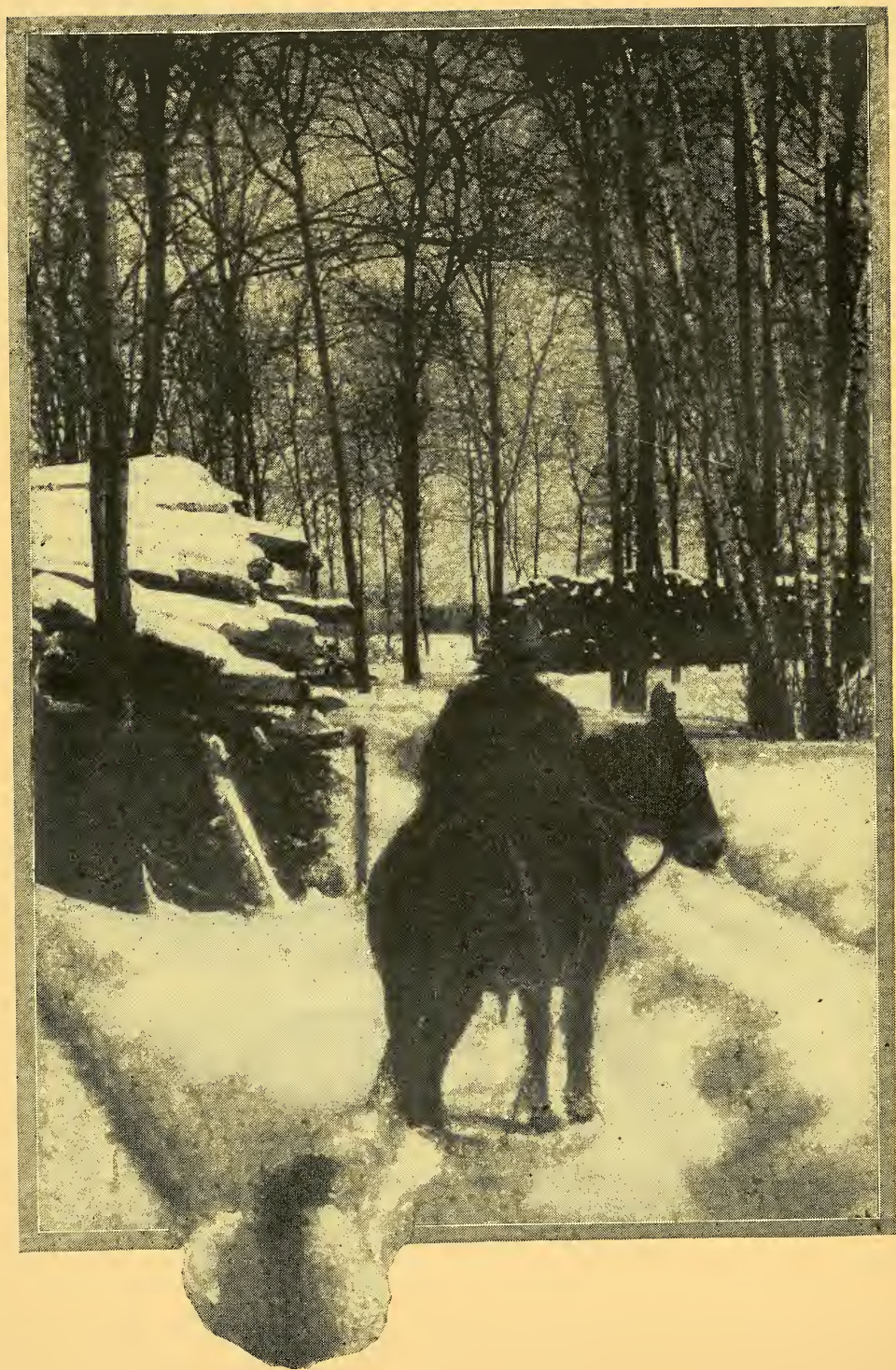
And to my dear young people, hoping that in this modest little volume they may find some word of help or cheer which shall be to them a stepping-stone to the higher life, and that we may each one be ready to answer when the "Home Call" shall sound;

This booklet is Dedicated.

FEB 23 1922

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Ms. A. 9. 2. 19. 23.



The Snow Lesson

'Twas New Year's morning, and the sky was clouded
And still o'er all a robe of whiteness shone,
For in the night our Father spread a blanket
O'er field and forest green and bushes prone,
O'er muddy places, for the time forgotten,
The frowning crag, the tall ferns bending low,
Where tender hands tucked in around the edges
A lovely mantle of the purest snow.

All nature on that morning woke rejoicing,
For how could we poor mortals fail to see
The emblem of pure lives writ out before us,
So plainly it was meant for you and me;
A robe of charity spread o'er our failings,
A blessing from His hands we all may know
That, scarred by sin, unworthy all by nature,
We may at last be cleansed as white as snow.

I wonder if the children in the homeland,
And they who now have grown to manhood's prime,
Who year by year this wondrous magic ponder
Have learned its lesson in the winter time.
Here where so seldom come beautiful snow-storms,
A blessing follows as they come and go.
O may we all soon learn full well the lesson
So kindly given in the spotless snow.

And when with earth the sky itself seems blending
As 'round us eddy snowflakes in the air,
They'll be to us a type of joy unending,
The bliss and purity we'll have "up there."
And though so soon their forms shall melt and vanish,
Their beauty trodden in the grime below,
Yet in our thoughts their lesson sweet we'll cherish
And ask that He may make us "white as snow."

Our Boys

I love the boys, with their rush and noise,
And their hearts brimming o'er with fun;
And their hearty shout on the air rings out
As from school they homeward run.
Such a romping, rollicking lot of boys,
With their rosy faces, but then
We must always remember, in spite of it all,
That these boys of ours make men.

"What shall it be?" the parents ask,
As over his couch they bend.
"Shall he carry the noble burden of work
For others till time shall end?
Or shall he to those in darkness
Send the truth with tongue or pen?"
We must always remember they will grow up,
Our boys will surely make men.

Shall a life of pleasure his soul beguile,
With no thought of the world's great need?
Or with face alight with heavenly smile,
Fill his life with the kindly deed?
There's no room for the sluggard or trifler now,
But for honest boys, and then
No matter where their ways may lead,
We'll be glad that our boys made men.

There are many thorns for the little feet,
And pitfalls for care-free youth;
There are sins that stick in the human heart,
There are ways of goodness and truth.
Which road shall it be? The road of despair?
Or the road of purity? Then
We shall not regret though the years will fly,
If our boys make noble men.



My Michigan

TUNE: MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

O how my longing heart is stirred
By thought of thee, or written word,
O how I long to see again
Thy verdent hills, my Michigan!
Thy mossy banks I oft have pressed,
In dreams I see them once again
And clasp each blossom to my breast
And sing of thee, my Michigan.

I love thy woods, thy fields, thy dales,
And wild flowers blooming in thy vales,
Thy sunny slope, and darksome fen,—
These, these are thine, fair Michigan!
I see the waving corn-fields' sheen,
And ripened sheaves the reapers glean,
And peace and plenty smile again
Upon thy shores, my Michigan!

The storm-clouds rise with angry thrill,
The thunders roar from hill to hill,
And mimic rivers through the glen
Are dashing now in Michigan.
Though winters come with coat of snow,
The larder's full, and barns o'erflow;
Though winds may roar, our firesides then
Are all aglow in Michigan.

Thy lakes whose waters clear and bright
Are mirrors still by day or night,
Thy rivers winding through the land
All speak of nature's lavish hand,
And though upon thy bosom pressed
My weary feet may never rest,
My longing heart will turn again
And sigh for thee, dear Michigan!

Going Home Together

1 Thes. 4:15-18

There will be such joy in heaven
When the saints are gathered home,
For we'll go to heav'n together
When our Saviour bids us come;
From the tombs where saints are sleeping
Shall arise the loved of yore
From the valley and the mountain;
Death can never hold them more.

Where the mighty billows hid them,
Rocked to sleep in ocean's breast,
God has had them in His keeping,
And He knows their place of rest;
From their graves we'll see them rising,
With their robes so white and fair;
And we all shall meet together,
With our Saviour in the air.

Angels flying swiftly earthward,
Gladly go on loving quest,
Bring our little ones now sleeping,
Lay them on their mother's breast;
So we'll see our dear ones gathered,
And to meet them we shall rise;
Then we'll all go home together
To the fields of Paradise.



The Expected Guest

Often as I set the table
I have placed an extra plate
For the one who sometimes cometh
Though his coming may be late.

Sometimes comes a weary pilgrim
Worn with burdens of the day,
And the extra plate seems cheering
As he rests beside the way.

Sometimes young and full of vigor,
Far from friends and loved ones' cot,
Still they come and at our table
Find an ever welcome spot.

Young or old, it does not matter;
Just the need of homely cheer
Is what counts around our table—
All they get by coming here.

And the thought to me seems joyful
That though plain our fare may be,
The dear Master when He cometh
Owns, "Ye did it unto Me."

So upon our table often
You may see the extra plate;
Rich or poor, they're always welcome
Come they soon or come they late.

Protected

How many times, we cannot tell,
God's angels intervene
And press the powers of darkness back,
While they step in between.

And many times our fates were sealed,
If 'twere not for His care,
Which holds the threatened danger off,
Us mortals poor to spare.

How many times, God only knows;
Our times are in His hands,
And angels watching over us
Are doing His commands.

When Mother Tucked Us In

Come listen to my story, little children one and all,

I will tell you of the years of long ago;

Of a home amid the wild-wood, where the sugar-
maples tall

Yield sweets that those who've tasted only know.

Where the stories told beside the fire in that log cabin
home

Held memories dear to those who listened there;
And though years might come and vanish, still we'd
wish no more to roam,

But would gladly meet around that old armchair.

There was father bright and happy with his stores of
life and fun,

And our gentle mother with the loving face;

And the children did the group complete when once
the work was done,

And we gathered in the same accustomed place.

O, then we sang full many a song with all the old time
vim

Until the time for evening prayer and rest,

Then in the dear old trundle-bed our mother tucked
us in

With gentle hands, and lips on forehead pressed.

Those happy days have passed away, but ne'er can I
forget

That gentle touch upon my lip and brow;

The loving voice which taught me then, its memories
linger yet

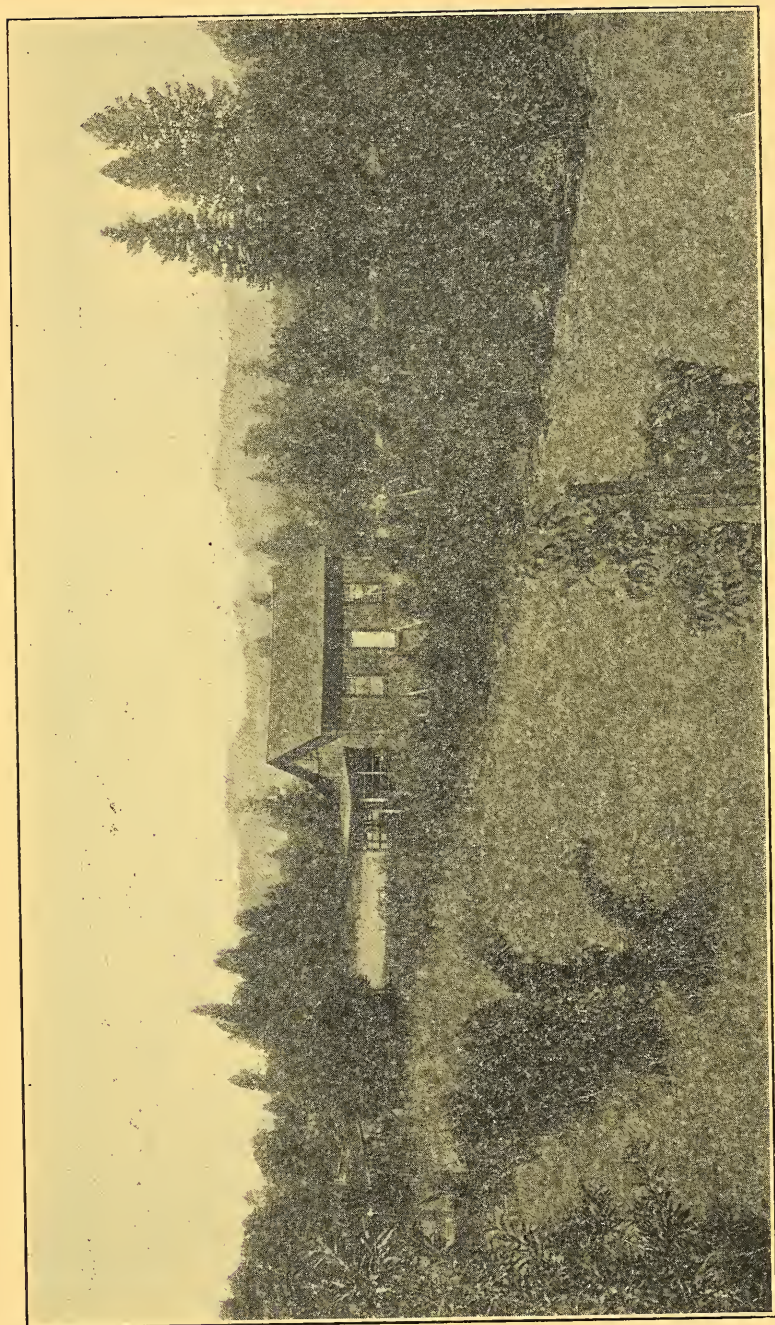
Though frosts of age my hair is whitening now.

That darling mother long ago was laid away to rest,

But o'er my life a radiant light is shed

When mother kissed a fond good night and clasped
me to her breast,

Then tucked me in the dear old trundle-bed.



Our Mountain Home

Years ago my heart was yearning
For a place to rest my feet;
For a cot where night's returning
Brought the home fire, brightly burning;
And where kin, earth's pleasures spurning,
Sought our home for joys so sweet.

And one day my prayer was offered
To the One whence help can come;
And my weary feet were guided
To a place of rest, unchided,
And the happy hours glided
Softly in our pleasant home.

Yes, He led us to the mountains,
Out from weariness to rest;
Led us where sweet flowers were blooming,
Wild birds, too, their love-notes crooning,
And grand waterfalls were booming,
To the place we love the best.

Yonder lies a quiet valley
Hedged around by giant hills;
Canyon deep, with ferns and mosses,
Where the sunlight scarcely crosses,
And the limpid water tosses,
Sparkling in a thousand rills.

And close by a humble cottage
Marks the place we call our home;
All around sweet flowers are springing,
Nature's charms forever bringing.
And each day my heart is singing,
And I wish no more to roam.

Comfort

"Let not your hearts be troubled,"

We hear the Master say
As down the rugged pathway
We press our weary way.
And hearts bowed down with sorrow
Can see the silver sheen
All lightened with His glory,
Though dark clouds intervene.

"I'll come again," the Master,
To His disciples said,
"To quickly change the living,
And awake the sleeping dead.
In clouds of brightest glory,
Attended by the train
Of all the holy angels,
I'll surely come again."

We place the silent sleepers
Within their lowly bed;
We cover up the casket,
While bows the drooping head;
We mark each tiny grass-mound,
And leave them there to wait,
But knowing He who careth
Will surely come, though late.

A little moment only
Shall death in triumph reign,
When with a shout of rapture
Our Lord will come again.
O, then in joyful greeting
We'll clasp our loved once more,
And sin and death forever
Shall vanish from that shore.

Trust

Sometimes the night seems dark,
Groping I go;
Dangers surround my way,
And clouds bend low;
But hark! a loving voice
Whispers to me,
"Trust me, O lonely one,
Thy path I see."

I do not know the way,
Unless He guide.
And trusting Him each day,
No ills betide,
Unless He seeth best;
His love so dear,
Guides me each lonely hour;
He's always near.

And when temptations come,
As come they must,
He leaves me not alone,
For Him I trust.
Through sickness, doubt, and fear
His hand holds me;
So through life's devious ways
His child I'd be.

And though the darkness come,
Trusting Him still,
I'll rest content in Him,
Doing His will.
Though Christ I cannot see,
He holds my hand,
And when the morning breaks,
I'll understand.

My Heaven Land

TUNE: MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

My Father's home is fair and bright,
No winters chill or summers blight,
No sickness, sorrow, grief or pains
Can reach the place where Jesus reigns;
And when upon thy shore I stand
And thrills my soul with glad delight
I'll join with angels pure and bright
And sing of thee, my heaven land.

With wondrous love the Saviour came
To this lost race in sin and shame;
He lived that we His life might see.
He died that we might ransomed be;
And when upon the cloud so grand
His form is seen, so radiant then,
He'll surely say, "I've come again,
To take you home to heaven land."

Old earth's dark night will soon be past,
And Eden's bloom will come at last;
The pearly gates will open wide
And in God's presence we'll abide;
And as I clasped some loved one's hand,
As happy days glide gently by
Without a tear or doubt or sigh,
I'll talk of thee, my heaven land.

O Father, grant my earnest plea,
That those whom thou hast given me
Thine own shall be in that great day,
When sin and death shall pass away;
And when before thy throne I stand,
And clasp my loved ones to my heart,
Where dear ones never more shall part.
Thy praise we'll sing in heaven land.



The Story Ever New

"Tell me stowies," lisped the toddlers,
As they climbed upon my knee;
"Tell us 'bout the manger Baby
When He was a child like me."

So I told the old, old story
Of the Babe of Bethlehem,
How within a manger lying
He was sought by wise old men;

How their precious gifts they offered
To the babe who slumbered there,
And their meed of praise was proffered
To the Child so sweet and fair.

And I told them how the shepherds,
As they watched their flocks by night,
Heard the blessed angel's message
Telling them of Christ our light,

Who should bring to us redemption
From our load of grief and sin;
And by Him a door was opened,
All who would might enter in;

How they hastened then to find Him
Where the angels bade them go;
And they praised their heavenly Father
When they found these things were so.

Then I told them how an angel
Said to Joseph, "Haste, arise!
Flee to Egypt, for there's danger
Lurking 'neath your native skies."

So they hastened to the refuge
Pointed out by angel voice;
And though fleeing, yet His watch-care
Ever made their hearts rejoice.

All the way from youth to manhood,
How we loved His life to trace!
Of the miracles I told them,
And His wondrous love and grace.

But the best of all, the children
Loved the tales of Galilee,
Where Christ called the lusty fishers
His disciples there to be;

And the story of the tempest,
How He stilled the mighty wave
When from sleep He was awakened,
His disciples' lives to save;

And one day when tired and weary,
Sitting on the mountain side,
How the mothers brought their children,
Craved His help their feet to guide.

How they loved the stories told them
Of the Saviour's love and care,
When He blessed the little children
Who were brought before Him there,

And he clasped them to His bosom—
Little children, bowing low—
While He laid His hands upon them,
Blessed them, for He loved them so.

And He said, "Allow the children,
And forbid them not to come;
For of such as these my kingdom.
Help them reach my happy home."

And at last the sad, sad story
Of the cross of Calvary, too;
How He prayed for those who slew Him,
"For they know not what they do."

Our dear Lord is now arisen
From the grave, and lives again.
From His home in highest heaven,
He is pleading still for men.

But before He went, He told them:
"Be not troubled, sons of men.
To prepare for you I'm going,
And I'll surely come again."

Childish eyes grew bright with wonder
As I told these words of cheer.
Let us each prepare to meet Him,
For His coming now draws near.



To a Missionary's Bride

[TO I. L. J.]

Out from thy home sweet and tender
Go you a bride today;
Out and away from the dear ones,
Nor can we bid thee stay.

Go, for the call of the Master
Bids you to seek and to save!
Go with the one whom thou lovest,
Go, for God's Son He gave.

Bind up the broken-hearted,
Hasten the call to heed;
Say to the heavy-laden,
We have a rest indeed.

Go, and may God be with you,
And when the victory's won,
May you have gained sheaves for the Master,
And hear the glad "Well done."

The Part o' the Ways

I saw a stricken mother bend
Low o'er her babe with anguished brow,
A whispered prayer to heaven send
For strength to bear what comes,—e'en now
I see the color fade and go,
The sweet eyes close, while still she prays;
And then I whisper sad and low,
"Thou'st come to the part o' the ways."

And one I saw in early youth
Leave parents kind, the world to roam;
With heart brimful of love and true
To make his way he leaves his home;
His sheltered childhood left behind,
He thinks e'en in these early days,
"The world is bright, and I shall find
Much joy at the part o' the ways."

Says one who long the world had tried
And found its gains like bubbles fair,
Its joy elusive, "Woe betide
The one who trusts its baleful snare."
Footsore and weary lone and sad,
"Take all you've given,"—His head he lays
On mother earth's fond breast, so glad
He's come to the part o' the ways.

O in this gladsome hour of spring,
When pleasure lures and beckons you
To join in folly's Maddening swing,
To early precepts, O be true!
That when the time—as come it must—
Shall come to you at end of days,
Your heart can safely in Him trust,
Who led at the part o' the ways.



What I Saw

Toyon berries by the roadside
 Promise give of Christmas cheer;
Forest trees in brown and golden
 Speak of winter almost here;
Squirrels frisk and birds fly swiftly
 Gath'ring up their winter store;
E'en the chipmunks, saucy fellows,
 Seem to say, "The summer's o'er."

Fragrant pine and manzanita,
 And the graceful fir trees tall,
Grand madrone and rugged live-oak,
 Cheer me, for I love them all.
Far below us stretch the valleys
 Robed this morn in pearly white,
Like the billows of the ocean
 With their whitecaps soft and bright.

Here and there as on we journey,
 From the mist the heads arise
Of the lower range of mountains,
 Peering upward toward the skies.
And in fancy I look downward
 On old ocean's romp and roar,
And I seem to see strong swimmers
 Battling hard to reach the shore.

But as down the road we're winding,
 Lost is dream of swimmer bold;
For the scene is ever changing,
 Open glade or mountain hold,
Till at last my tired palfrey
 Slow descends to valley's rim,
And a wondrous panorama
 Greets my eyes, no clouds to dim.

Just before to charm the vision
Stretches out the changeful scene,
Lowly cot and goodly mansion,
While green meadows lie between;
And at eve as homeward wending
Up the mountain's grand old height,
Purple haze enwrapping valley
Seems to breathe a soft "good night."



No Half-Hearted Service

'Tis a saying of old unfailing and true
"Let us do with our might what our hands find to do,"
For this is the work time, no other I'll see
That can bring such rich blessings to me.

The world's harvest waits, while the dreamers sleep on,
Unmindful that many to ruin have gone
Who might have been saved had he waked to this
thought,
And no half-hearted service had wrought.

There is joy in the service of doing our best,
There are great opportunities waiting our quest;
Let this be our motto as long as we live,
"No half-hearted service I'll give."

The "loud cry" is sounding. The ranks let us fill!
Hasten on, looking upward, each doing His will!
There are evils to shun, but a heaven's in view,
And naught but true service will do.

With a steady persistence, press on toward the gates;
For beyond them the joy of eternity waits,
And the ones whom the King in His beauty shall see
No half-hearted Christians will be.

I know Not

I know not, Lord, how dark the night
Through which my feet may grope;
But this I know, Thou art my light,
Thy word my only hope.

I know not, Lord, the devious paths
O'er which my way may tend;
But this I know, thy word is sure;
Thou'lt keep me to the end.

I know not, Lord, what I can do
To haste this message sweet;
But, Lord, I consecrate my all,
And rest in thee, complete.

And then whate'er Thou hast for me
Of changes, I'll abide,
In storm or calm, in shade or sun,
Safe sheltered by Thy side.

And when the sheaves are garnered in,
And Thou, my Lord, dost come,
May I be numbered with the blest
Who hear the glad "Well done."



A String of Pearls

Thou sawest me a little babe
When life began on Time's rough sea,
And thou didst hear my first faint cry,
O heart of love, and cared'st for me;
My soul from tiny atom spoke,
And in Thy book my members wrote.

PSALMS 139:16

A child so full of faults was I,
And early orphaned; who could be
A friend to guide my steps aright?—
No other friend so good as He
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
Nor lack they aught who to him fly.

PSALMS 147:9

Through gloom of night my cry arose
To Him who rules. The way seemed dark,
No hand outstretched to aid seemed near,
No mother's love, the thorns were sharp;
Though father, mother, thee forsake,
The Lord thy cause will undertake.

PSALMS 27:10

Years pass, and earthly pleasures lure
And beckon on in ways of sin
Till, lo, a voice from out the night
Whispers, "O let thy Saviour in."
When Satan caused my feet to slide
The Lord was listening when I cried.

PSALMS 94:18

Temptations strong may to us come;
Close sheltered by the Rock we hide;
No storm can wreck or tempest drown
If close we stay at his dear side;
Tempted and tried that we, through Him
May help to save lost souls from sin.

1 PETER 2:21; HEB. 2:18

Now, as the darkening shadows fall,
Through storm or calm, where'er I rove,
O'er desert drear or mountain wild,
I feel Thy hand and know Thy love,
Thy loving kindness, O, so free,
And with that love Thou drawest me.

JER. 31:3



At The Master's Feet

There is work and toil in the day's hard moil,
And time rolls faster and faster;
But the day is blest when the evening's rest
Is spent at the feet of the Master.

O the wear and tear of the load of care
That so many bear in their anguish!
Could they know their Guide as He walks beside,
No more in sorrow they'd languish.

O how sweet the day, when beside the rough way
Are some we can help while we cheer them;
Though our own courage lacks, we have not on our
backs

A load, for there's One who will bear them.

So as onward we go 'mid the rain or the snow,
Through drought and all kinds of weather,
No storm will we fear, while the Master is near,
And the desert is blooming with heather.

And though dark shadows come, we are nearing our
home,

Though clouds gather thicker and faster;
Still the joy will be sweet, when at His blessed feet
We shall lay down our sheaves for the Master.



Compensation

Sometimes my heart is sad and weary
Of this world of sin;
I long for that bright home where sorrow
Cannot enter in;
And then the thought comes softly stealing,
If we faithful prove,
We soon shall enter bliss immortal,
Crowned with Jesus' love.

CHORUS:

We long to see Him coming;
We'll watch and work and pray;
We'll faithful prove the Saviour's love,
Then praise through endless day.
Sometimes a cloud of darkness hovers
O'er our weary way,
And like a pall shuts out the sunlight
Of earth's brightest day;
Yet every cloud that thus enfolds us,
Is for help allowed—
A silver lining shines the brightest
'Neath the darkest cloud.
Then let us fix our thoughts on heaven,
And the glories there,
Our lamps well trimmed and brightly burning
With a radiance fair.
We'll help to lift our fallen brothers
And our sisters dear,
And then with them we'll greet our Saviour
When he shall appear.



Light Cometh

On a sick-bed low, in a cottage lone,
Where the wind and the rain are beating,
I lie and look at the dark, dark clouds,
And watch the rain's white sheeting.
And lo, in the west a strip appears
Of the azure blue of heaven,
And the storm-king flies before the breeze
As a ship by tempest driven.
So it may be now, though the clouds seem dark,
And the way seems dreary ever,
Still the light may come, and my life flow on
Like a bright and shining river.

The Great Consumation

"AULD LANG SYNE" REVISED

O weary ones, lift up your heads,
Salvations near at hand;
The Saviour soon with open arms
Shall greet His faithful band.
Then troubles deep and trials sore
Our souls shall not oppress,
But life immortal, joys untold,
Shall then our spirits bless.

CHORUS: Then hail our glorious coming Lord,
Ye saints, His praises sing.
We'll greet Him soon, if faithful here;
All hail, our coming King!
O lonely ones, your vision cast
On yonder bright abode,
Where Jesus lives to intercede
For His precious blood.
For very soon the angel band
With Jesus as their head
Will come to change the living and
To wake the sleeping dead.
No longer lonely and oppressed,
No more of sighs and tears,
But Jesus comes, the one who died
And lives through endless years.
O shout for joy, ye sons of men,
Our Saviour's coming soon!
Get ready now to meet your Lord
And cast away all gloom.
The ones who soon in peace shall meet
Their glorious coming Lord
In robes of righteousness shall shine,
Their lives of one accord;
Upon their lips no guile is found,
All spotless, pure and bright;
They wait salvation from above,
Redemption from earth's night.

Motherless

No one lists to hear the footsteps
As they patter down the hall,
No one watches as the sunshine
Throws its shadows on the wall,
No one talks to us at eventime
And smooths each sleepy head,
For the one who used to care for us is dead.

No one comes to us and helps us
When the load seems hard to bear,
There is no one like a mother
On this earth our woes to share,
And no gentle voice like mother's
Warns us when we go astray
And so kindly points us to the better way.

But her loving face has vanished
And my heart is sad tonight,
For I miss her loving hand-touch
And her step so soft and light;
And the years stretch out so wearily
Since she was laid away,
And I miss her gentle voice the livelong day.

When the morning breaks in heaven
I shall see my mother's face;
There will be no veil between us
In that holy, happy place;
And the clouds that darkened all my life
Shall never grieve me then,
And I'll have my darling mother back again.

Just Write a Letter Home

The children all are scattered
Who round our board each day,
A merry group were gathered,
And time drags slow away.
For now no more their faces
Around our hearthstone come;
So oft the word goes, "Children dear,
Do write a letter home."

The mother says, "Just hitch up,
And soon I'll ready be,
For we shall get a letter,
It surely seems to me;
For many days have flitted
Since news to us has come;
I'm sure did they but think, they'd try
To write a letter home."

He hastes with look so anxious
To meet her on the way,
"And did you get the letters
We've looked for many a day?"
"Not one"—with face so sober,
"I thought, some news would come;
I'll write again and tell them how
We long for them at home."

If they could see the sadness,
'Twould move them at the sight,
'Twould stop the hands so busy,
And they'd take time to write.
Their steps are growing slower,
The time will surely come
When you'll be glad if you've not failed
To write to those at home.

The Garden in Fact and Fancy

Come out in the garden, dearie,
Let me show you around;
Here where the flowers are blooming.
List to the musical sound
Of humming-birds flying swiftly,
See the lilies bend low,
Hear campanula bells tinkle
Softly, as onward we go.

Look at these border-pink blossoms—
Pick a bouquet if you will—
There where the merry bees gather
Busily getting their fill.
Stop at that row of carnations;
Sweet is their fragrance I know.
This is the young people's verdict,
"Sweetest of flowers that grow."

Petunias, those are, and so hardy,
So winsome and constant, you see
They bloom in the shine or in shadow;
Like them, ever faithful I'd be.
And pansies lift up their bright faces,
Most roguish of flowers are they;
Their saucy heads nodding and beck'ning
Reminds one of children at play.

Do see that long row of iris!
In royal colors are they,
Standing like true knights and loyal
Each dressed in a kingly array.
Hollyhocks here, of all colors—
How could we slight them so long!
For in an old-fashioned garden
Surely these flowers belong.

Gaillardias flaunt their bright colors
Anear to my kitchen door,
And roses their fragrance blending
With all the dear flowers of yore.
So we shall see them in fancy
For many have faded and gone,
And only in mem'ry they'll greet me,
So cheerful at early dawn.



Almost Home

Do you know the night is coming,
Night of sin and bitter woe,
When you see the daylight failing
And you know not where to go?
Can you read the signs portending
That the hour is drawing near
When our bark will cast its anchor?—
Soon the Master will appear.

Do you hear the voice which calls you
Pleading now in tender love?
Come while mercy's gate is open,
Set your heart on things above.
For the things of earth will vanish
All will fade and pass away,
But the love of God is faithful
And endures through endless day.

Though we hear the billows roaring
'Round us on the sea of life,
We can know He'll guide us ever
Through the storm and through the strife.
If we put our trust in Jesus,
Love and trust Him more and more,
Soon we'll leave earth's cares and sorrows
And we'll reach the heavenly shore.

Homesick

Far, far away in the land of my birth,
Thought in fancy strays
Where the woodland shadow plays.
Though I have wandered so far o'er the earth
Spending many weary days,
Music of the fields is calling me to come;
Autumn's tinged the leaves in my childhood's
happy home;
Fain would I go thy dear pathways to roam
Sheltered from life's busy hum.

When death's dark shadow my young life o'er cast,
Quick to nature's heart
I fled from earth apart.
She with soft breezes my hot cheek caressed
Soothing me with gentlest art.
Softly cooing notes of the songster in the glade,
Murm'ring of the leaves where squirrels romped
and played,
Breath of the wood where the sweet violet hid,
All to nature lent their aid.

So when the shadows around me do steal
Quickly my thoughts do stray
To the woodland far away,
Longing once more at thy dear shrine to kneel
As in childhood's happy day.
Oh, when shades of evening around my life
are cast
Calling me to rest from my burden or my task
On thy fond bosom, my longing all past,
Sweetly may I sleep at last.



My Guardian Angel

In childhood's day our mother's love
Sheltered her nestlings from the wrong,
Shielded, corrected, guided true,
Lightened our days with happy song;
And though our wayward feet oft stayed
From paths serene in pleasure's quest,
My mother's voice in accents mild
Would say, "My child, this way is best."

In youth's fleet time no mother's hand
Was left to guide on life's rough way,
And voice of siren urged my steps,
Luring in the paths from right to stray,
My guardian angel oft would come
And point my eyes to home of rest
And gently take my hand and say,
"This way, this way is always best."

While yet adown the path I trod,
Pleasures of earth my way beset
Till thoughts of heaven seemed banished quite
Amid the whirl, could I forget?
Ah no, the voice in tender tones
Spoke of a haven where is rest
And then of chasm escaped and said,
"The upward way is always best."

The way is long, my weary feet
Have often stumbled, and my heart
Has often bled with arrows pierced,
Still, striving to do well my part,
I onward press, though round me lie
Sin's pitfalls which my soul distressed
For angel guide still whispers low,
"This way, this way is always best."

And when yon skies shall open wide
As upward turns my raptured gaze
And thousands of th' angelic host
Shall thrill my soul with glad amaze.
And in their midst my Saviour's form
Be met in glory by the blest.
My guardian angel then will say,
"This way brings joy and endless rest."



In the Books

An idle word, by random dropped
I fain would call it back ;
But it is gone and other ones
Still flocking on its track.
O angel, with the pen of fire.
How many idle words
Have been set down against my name,
Thy book of truth records!

And angry words, a solemn train,
And bitter sinful ones,
Till black the list grows as I gaze;
My own undoing comes.
The angel's eyes seem sad, but still
His records faithful keep,
Nothing left out, a fearful list
With which my God to meet.

O heavenly Father, for His sake
Who died for sinful me,
My wicked words, my every act
Of dark iniquity,
Blot from Thy books, and in their place
Write "Pardoned," O my God!
Then shall I feel, not guilt, but grace,
Saved by His precious blood.

Only A Tramp

Only a tramp, a poor old tramp,
Wounded to death he lay,
While the train went by with rush and roar,
Hurrying on its way.

Tenderly lift the broken form,
And smooth the hair from his brow;
Remember a mother once fondled the hands
So cold and pulseless now.

Only a tramp, yet we cannot know
The ways that his feet have trod,
Temptation's fierce power that brought him here,
Dead on the roadway sod.

Some day a reckoning time will come,
Heart-secrets will come to light,
And it may be then his record shall stand
Not sinful, but pure and white.

Lay him away, and drop a tear
For the mother we have not known;
Scatter some flowers upon his bier,
And silently leave him alone,

To sleep and rest till the trump shall call;
On earth's loving breast to lie,
With the verdant woodland leaves for a pall,
And over him bending the sky.



Spring time's coming, see the bulblets
Lift their dainty heads and smile,
All the woods are full of music
And our hearts are glad the while.

Tested

The year had been a trial time
With accidents and sickness,
No crop was ours at harvest time,
Nor purse of any thickness,
And duns were coming, not a few,
And naught had we to pay with;
And though for us plain fare would do,
Our stock had naught to stay with.

“ ‘Tis surely looking desperate,”
I thought at early waking;
There's One our cause will undertake,
And then my Bible taking,
I turn and read His promise sure;
He who on God relieth
Shall know his watch-care shall endure,
Who all our need supplieth.

And sure enough the wherewithall
Was given us when needed,
And so I knew He heard my call
And all my cries were heeded.
But, like His people long ago
My faith He surely tested,
Then manna sent us here below
Until in Him I rested.

But winter storms were cold and chill,
And cot had seams a plenty
Through which wind whistled at its will
And granery was empty.
The need was great, my strength so small;
His word came then to try me,
Lo, through His strength I can do all;
His grace will help, supply me.

So, as I go from day to day
A feast is spread before me,
And as I journey on my way
His loving hand is o'er me.
Thus, He to me His kindness shows,
My pathway grows the clearer,
For all our need He surely knows
And heaven itself is nearer.



Day Dawns

TUNE: COME THOU FOUNT

List the notes of joy and gladness,
Signs foretell the Lord is near,
Banish every thought of sadness,
Silence every doubt and fear;
Long has been the night of darkness,
Long our hearts been filled with dread;
Soon the Saviour's voice resounding
Calls the living, wakes the dead.

Hasten on, O day of brightness!
Help us, Lord, our work to do,
That in purest robes of whiteness
We be found, when called to go;
Lest our weary feet should falter,
Keep us, Lord, from day to day;
Never let our courage languish,
Guide us in the narrow way.



Beauteous clouds of dainty hue,
Sail, fairy ships, in heaven's own blue.
Sail on, your message sweet to bear
To all the people everywhere.

Hope

[TO E. AND H.]

A tiny blossom loaned a little while,
A gem of priceless worth to mortals given,
Another babe, whose love the hours begile,
Is from the parent arms so quickly riven.

We lay it gently in its narrow bed,
Bedew with tears each blossom overstrewn
And leave it for the angel watchers there.
Yes, faithfully they'll guard the silent tomb.

Oh mother, weep not o'er the loved one gone
Who was called to rest in infancy so sweet,
The sin and toil and dangers of life's path
Has now escaped. Low rest the little feet.

Oh angel of the Lord, watch well the tomb;
And when from dusty beds the saints shall rise,
Its little form clad in immortal bloom
Shall then be carried through the glowing skies.

A mother then, triumphant over death,
Shall in her loving arms her babe enfold;
As angel guard restores it to her breast
She'll join the songs which never more grow old.



The Ivy of My Lord

I have heard of a city of light,
With its streets made of glittering gold,
Of the angels in garments of white,
And the songs that will never grow old;
There fresh glories unfold in that city of gold,
But the joy of my Lord will be mine.
O'er the lambs I have brought to His fold.

I have heard of a country so fair
With its hills and its valleys of green
Covered over with flowers so rare,
While the River of Life flows between;
There the tree on the shore giveth life evermore,
But the greatest of joys will be mine,
In the souls I have led to that shore.

Let them sing of the fruits and the flowers,
And the mansions so beautiful and grand,
Let them tell of the joys that await
Those that enter Emmanuel's land;
But the wonder will be that my Lord should use me,
A poor sinner, to help some lost soul
Share the joys of that beautiful land.

To a Bride

[TO A. L. C.]

Nae gift o' gold or siller hae I to gie
Only a wee bit rhymin', gie I thee.

"What shall it be?" was my earnest thought
As I wrought with my hands each day,
"What can I give to express my love
For the one who is going away?"

Of precious gifts of silver or gold
My purse has a meager store,
But my heart yearns sadly for the one who goes
Mayhap to return no more.

I have naught to give but a loving heart,
And a prayer that your life be blest,
And the wish that the angels watch over you
As you go on your loving quest.

To seek out the wanderers for whom Christ died,
And I—glad, though with tear-dimmed eye—
Relinquish all claims of a lowlier sort,
And bid you a fond good bye.

Come, Lord Jesus.

We long for the time when our Lord shall appear
And say to His ransomed ones, "Come."
Then freed from all sorrow and trouble and fear
We'll live in our heavenly home.
He'll take us to dwell in those mansions so fair,
To live in that wonderful place;
We'll gaze on the flowers with fragrance so rare
And rest in His tender embrace.

We long for the time when earth's warfare shall cease,
When sickness and death are no more;
When friend meets with friend in that haven of peace
And partings and dangers are o'er.
Oh, hasten the time when the work shall be done!
The message to men shall be given;
And millions be gathered from earth's harvest field
To enter the kingdom of heaven.

My heart ever longs for the "Land o' the Leal"
Where Jesus our Lord we shall see;
The one who in gentleness lifted me up,
Whose body was broken for me.
In tender compassion He'll look on me there
And say, "Enter into My rest."
With sheaves for the Master, His kingdom to share
We'll dwell in that home of the blest.

In deep adoration we'll join in the songs
Of praises to Jesus, our Friend;
We'll walk in the light of His glorious face
When trials and sorrows shall end.
Oh, come precious Saviour, our hearts sadly cry,
Come quickly, Lord Jesus, we pray,
The night clouds are threat'ning, and dangers are nigh;
We earnestly long for the day.



That Beautiful Home

O, I long for my Saviour's appearing
On the clouds of glory so bright,
And I know that the time is fast nearing
When I shall behold Him in light;
But my yearning heart trembles with sorrow
And the tears all unbidden will come,
And I cry, "O my Lord, so unworthy
Am I for that heavenly home!"

O, to join with the loved ones ascending,
Mounting up to the City of Gold,
Where nothing shall come that's offending,
And treasures eternal behold.
But O, when I think of the life-blood
On Calvary's cross shed for me,
My heart thrills with praise for the ransom
Which was paid that we all might be free.

And I think of that beautiful country
Where sorrow shall never more come,
There no wand'rer shall say, "I am weary,"
But all shall be happy at home;
Beauteous flowers we shall pluck in our rapture,
Bird songs will our spirits delight;
Yet my heart offers praise to our Saviour
Who will give us the garments of white.

He will bid us sit down at the table,
Filled with food by his own loving hand,
And with souls running over with pleasure
Eat the fruits of that heavenly land.
O, to meet in those beautiful mansions
Bright gems I have helped to prepare,
To shine in His kingdom forever
Will be pleasure enough for me there.

Then help me, dear Saviour, to hasten
This message of mercy to give,
To the East, to the West, send the story,
Whosoever repenteth shall live.
Let dark frozen fields of the Northland
And the South with its breezes so rare
Hear the cry going forth to the nations,
"All ye lands, for your Saviour prepare."



Looking Forward

This cold dark earth with all its sorrow
Soon, soon shall pass away,
And we shall greet a glad tomorrow
If all is right today.
I would not wish one fleeting moment
Of time to backward roll,
For just ahead my Saviour beckons
To every weary soul.
Yes, just ahead His soft voice pleading
Tells of His wondrous love
In offering life and joy eternal
And mansions bright above.
And just ahead our loved ones gathered,
Redemption's song shall sing;
Hands clasped with joy, no more to sever
From Jesus Christ our King.
Act well your part in life's great battle
Today, O weary soul,
Nor dream of past, but faithful proving,
You soon shall reach the goal.
To those who, in His love abiding,
March onward in His way,
The gates of pearl will soon give entrance
To an eternal day.

Redeeming the Time

EPH. 5:16

We long to see our Saviour coming,
Our hearts are filled with love;
Our tongues shall sing the songs of Zion
When Jesus comes from above.
"Come enter in, the gate stands wide,"
We long to hear Him say.
"Thow chosest Me to be thy guide,
Enter the realms of day."

Yet there's a work we all may hasten,
The midnight hour draws near,
A world to warn of coming danger
While mercy still is here.
O, haste and take the Saviour's word
Your choice and guide to be,
And join the ranks of those who work
To set sin's captives free!

The hour is late and dangers thicken
And time rolls on apace;
Let's to the work, the day declineth;
Soon we shall see his face.
His hands and feet with wounds are marred
And pierced His side for me;
His loving voice so tender says,
"I bore it all for thee."



Birdies fly, in the sky
To your sunny southern home;
Bear a message sweet for me,
When from us you cease to roam.
From the sweet magnolia tree
Bring a message back to me.

Independence Ode

1898

Unto a land almost unknown,
Our fathers came to make a home
 Across the sea;
For freedom's cause they dared the wilds,
And shrank not from their grim defiles,
 For liberty.
They braved the wild beasts in their den,
And famine dread, and cruel men,
 To found our home.
Hewed out with giant strength of arm,
A nation's place, and then they bade
 The oppressed come.
Here freedom find, and liberty;
And yet the trail of slavery
 Lay o'er the land;
This must not be; and freedom rose,
And from her garments washed the stain
 With mighty hand.
Years swiftly pass; low, now we hear
From Cuba's isle, a cry of fear;
 Our hearts are stirred;
Oppression dread, with iron heel,
Stalks through their land, slights their appeal,
 Their cry is heard.
A call to arms from South and North;
Brothers and valiant sons pour forth,
 Succor to give.
They who as foemen once had bled,
Now side by side their life-blood shed,
 That she might live.
As streams that rising from one source,
May flow apart yet find their course
 To the same sea,
So North and South united stand
Once more, and grasp each other's hand,
 For liberty.



At His Coming

In columns triumphal the saints are arising,
With shouts of the ransomed they mount towards
the skies,
Their anthems of triumph and songs of salvation
Proclaim them the people prepared to arise;
With faces all shining with heavenly glory,
They're shouting the victory o'er sin and the grave,
All glory and honor and praises and power,
Shall be unto Him who the sinner can save.

Bright stars in their crowns tell the tale of their labors
As low they are laid at the feet of their King,
The joy of the Lord, and the joy of poor mortals
Are joined in the songs which the ransomed shall sing.
Would you be the ones who shall join in the singing
Of anthems of praise to the One who was slain
And voicing the rapture of sin-pardoned favor?—
Give praise to the Lamb who is coming again.

Let Jesus dwell in you and keep you from sinning,
Then in that glad morning He'll claim you His own;
He'll take you to dwell in the heavenly mansions
And bid you sit down with Himself on His throne;
Then through the long ages of songs and rejoicing
All sorrow and sighing forever shall cease;
Grim death shall give place to the life everlasting,
And warring and tumult, to gladness and peace.



As out upon the waves by mists outlined
Man with his boat is leaving shore behind,
So youth upon life's restless rolling tide
Launches his bark and o'er bright waters glide.
Be not dismayed though storms around thee roar
Grasp oar and pull, thy goal the eternal shore.

He Is Coming Again

Ever nearer and dearer this truth comes to me,
In this world full of sorrow and woe;
Very soon will the Saviour His presence reveal
To the faithful ones waiting below.

CHORUS:

He is coming again! O that blessed refrain!
Coming back, O the tidings proclaim!
Then revealed in His glory all nations shall know
'Tis the One who for sinners was slain.

See the nations of earth, in their glory and pride,
Meet in strife, and for victory contend;
And the rich man in splendor strides over the poor,
And there's no man regardeth the end.

Fearful sights and great signs both in heaven and earth,
Trembling nature prepares for her doom;
Flood and earthquakes strike terror to hearts unprepared;
Soon the Saviour in glory will come.

Let the swift flying angel His message proclaim
To a world by gross darkness controlled;
Over land, over sea, let the tidings go forth,
Until thousands are brought to the fold.

O, then let us be ready, soon Jesus will come
With a train of the angelic throng!
O, be watchful, be prayerful, be earnest and true,
And we'll join in the conqueror's song!



The oak trees spread their branches green
O'er field and meadow glade.
The children love through sunny hours
To seek its welcome shade.

A Sabbath Walk

'Tis Sabbath morning, the church bells are ringing
The hour of service, of praise and of prayer.
Blest day of days! No work to mar its resting,
I hasten on my way, its joys to share.
Myriads of birds their early matin voicing,
Pour forth their joy on wing with quickened flight,
And woodland flowers, their faces turning upward
Exhale sweet incense to the Lord of light.
I must walk carefully as on I'm going,
For lo, I seem to be on holy ground,
And as I list from out the tallest tree-tops
Comes a low symphony of sweetest sound,
The murmuring in the pine-trees ever seeming
Like choirs invisible, that to my heart
Speak of an angel band of white-robed singers
Who in God's grand cathedral have a part.
And when full soon my restful walk is over
And I among the faithful join in song,
My heart's attuned to music of th' immortals
Caused by His blessings which around me throng.
O who would change this free life of the country
For heated pavement, and the restless crowd?
Pity the poor who often spend a lifetime
Where God's pure, fragrant air is not allowed!



How sweet the scent of shrub and flower,
How kind the hand, and great the power
That makes their beauties glow.
Could we but understand the love
That watches o'er us from above
His tender mercies know.
Prove at His feet we'd humbly kneel,
His love toward us He doth reveal,
That washes white as snow.

The Divine Artist

The sky was weeping, the earth was damp
And the horses she led went tramp, tramp, tramp.
Their hoofs resounded with rythmetic beat
As they followed their leader's weary feet.

The storm passed over, the night grew chill;
Not a leaf seemed stirring, and all was still.
When the morning dawned, a beautiful sight
Met the eyes, where an artist had been that night.

Where the horses' hoofs in the sodden ground
Had left their imprint, so nice and round,
Where wee ponds of water at night had been,
There the Master's hand in His works is seen.

Here was a feather, and there a wing,
A lovely harp with many a string,
Here were leaves so perfect they might compare
With those which Paradise used to wear.

Ere sin had entered, and grief and woe
Had settled down on this world below.
And bowers of the garden were dwellings meet
To be used for visits of angels' feet.

Beautiful pictures of frost and ice
More lovely than any of man's device
Were scattered abroad with generous love
For those who the morning light improve.

So let us take heed from this Master of art
And follow His guiding, that each true heart
A lesson may learn from the frost and the cold,
To scatter good deeds more precious than gold.



To the Little Ones

I love the little children,
 So kind, so good and true;
I love to see them happy
 And Jesus loves them, too.
And so He watches o'er them,
 He hears each unkind word,
And oft His heart is saddened
 At what His ear has heard.
And O, what joy is given
 To his dear heart of love
When children strive to please Him
 Who dwells in light above.
I love the little children,
 But O, I long to know
If those will meet me yonder
 I loved so here below.
It seems to me, there even,
 If I should miss some face,
'Twould make me sad to know it,
 E'en in that happy place.
I wonder, O, I wonder,
 If when I get up there
I'll see those loving faces
 And forms all bright and fair.
I'll bear their voices singing
 All praises to His name
Who gave Himself to save them
 And died the death of shame.
For soon in clouds of glory
 He to this earth will come
And take those who are ready
 To dwell with Him at home.

Comfort

TO A FRIEND

Oh mother heart! so filled with pain and sadness
Think what a boon was given you the while;
What joy, to be allowed to clasp in gladness
A treasure pure as snowflake, free from guile.
A precious jewel was given thy heart to cheer thee,
A link to bind thee closer still to heaven;
A dainty bud of promise blossomed near thee,
A little babe,—to you 'twas kindly given.
Such sweetness only bloomed to fade away, dear,
As fade the stars when morning sun shines bright;
Or as the flowers, touched by breath of winter,
Their beauty withering soon fade from sight.
May the kind Father help you in this trial
To draw still closer to His loving heart,
That when the trump shall sound,—the dear ones
waking,
Friend clasping friend now never more to part.
An angel in his shining robe of whiteness
Shall bear your darling to your loving breast;
And through the endless years of bloom and
brightness
God shall your toil reward with perfect rest.



Frisky little squirrels, playing 'mid the trees
How my heart is gladdened by your mimicries
Gathering nuts delicious from your shady bowers
Jolly little fellows sport the livelong hours.



Leaves, beautiful leaves,
Fluttering in the autumn breeze.
Dropping, dropping, here and there
Spreads a carpet rich and rare.

The Gospel Message

TUNE: ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

Go tell the tidings far and near,
The Saviour soon will come;
Bid every saint his brother cheer,
The Saviour soon will come.
Go sound the message o'er the land,
To every isle and ocean strand;
Awake, ye saints, this message bear
To every nation far and near,
The Saviour soon will come.

O shout for joy, ye sons of men,
The Saviour soon will come
To end for aye your grief and pain,
The Saviour soon will come.
Go tell it to earth's weary ones,
To them this word like music comes;
Tell them of His redeeming grace,
Preparing them to see His face,
When He, our life, shall come.

In dungeon dark the story tell,
The sinner's friend will come,
Who died that we might with Him dwell,
Our Saviour soon will come.
To heathen lands He bids us go,
The harvest reap; the sun is low;
Let this our song and message be,
He comes to set the captives free—
O Saviour, quickly come,

The mourners then shall dry their tears
When Christ their Lord shall come;
They'll praise His name through endless years
When Christ their Lord shall come.
Their sick and maimed, the halt and blind,
Shall in His presence, blessing find,

And songs of joy shall fill our days.
With endless happiness and praise
When He our Lord shall come.

Go, tell the news, He bids us go,
The Saviour soon will come,
Who died for sinners here below—
Our Lord will surely come.
Repent, believe, your sins confess,
Put on His robe of righteousness,
Reach out the helping hand to save
Your friends from an eternal grave,
For soon our Lord will come.



He's Coming

TUNE: OLD BLACK JOE

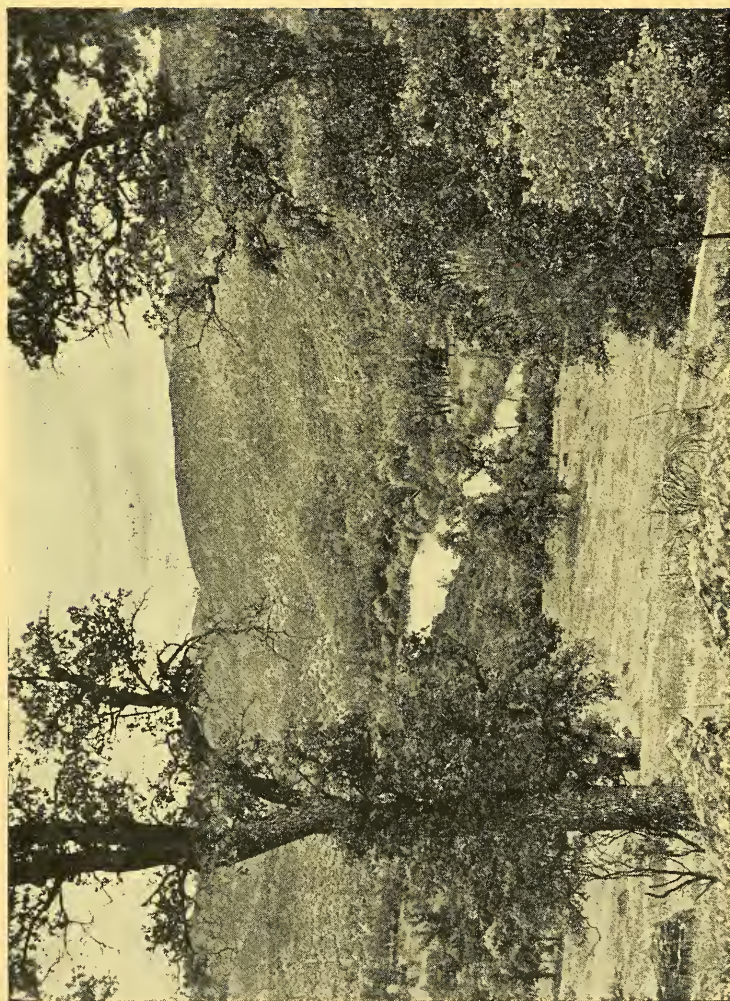
Hark to the sounds that greet the pilgrim's ear!
All things proclaim our Saviour's coming near;
Sun, moon, and earth in darkness veil their face,
And soon, O soon, will pass away the day of grace.

CHORUS

He's coming! He's coming!
The one for whom we sigh;
All things in heaven and earth proclaim
His coming nigh.

Nations of earth in angry strife contend,
Tempest and earthquake fright the sons of men;
Howl, O ye rich, for soon will anguish come,
For very soon your eyes shall see your dreadful doom.

O that our lives may now with His accord,
That when appears our blessed risen Lord,
We, purified from every taint of sin,
Shall hear the words, "Well done, my child, come
enter in."



An Outing

Out in the woodland, come let us stray
Where beauteous flowers bloom all the way.

Wild birds are singing,
Sweet pleasures bringing;
Happy the hours in these mossy bowers.
List to the droning of the bees,
See squirrels romping in the trees.

On as we wander over green glades,
Seeking no longer dense forest shades;

Where sunlight's streaming
Waters are gleaming;
Come let us float in our fairy boat,
See how the ripples dance along,
Hear how the branches echo our song.

Hark! voices calling bid us come,
Loved ones are waiting to guide us home.

While birds are hov'ring
Wee nestlings, cov'ring
Their downy heads, tucked in their beds.
Come, let us hasten while we may
Ere gath'ring darkness close the day.



The Day of His Coming

O, the day of my Lord is fast nearing
When in glory resplendent and grand
He shall come,—for we love his appearing—
And shall take us to heaven's bright land.

Then to those who in Jesus are sleeping
Shall the trumpet awakening sound,
And from many lone graves long forgotten
Shall the blessed arise from the ground.

O, I long for that day which is coming!
What a glorious meeting 'twill be
When with saint and with angels ascending
My dear Lord in His beauty I see!

O how sad will it be if we heed not
All His precepts divine to obey;
To the rocks we shall cry to fall on us,
And we'll flee from His presence away.

But the rapture of those who are ready
With their garments aglitter with light,
When they know the dear Saviour is coming
To redeem them from sin's darkest night.



Only a Little Flower

Only a little flower,
A pink in its purity,
A fragrant snow-white blossom,
But it means so much to me.
It stands for the love of mother,
Though that mother has long been dead;
It stands for her love and labors
And her influence o'er me shed.

For the few short years of my lifetime
O'er which her gentle hand
Did all it could to prepare me
For a home in that better land.
How her sweet, low words come to me,
The lessons she taught me then;
Of the way that leads to heaven,
By keeping God's precepts ten.

Only a flower so tiny,
Yet the influence it may yield
May help us to fight life's battles,
Yes, help us to win the field.
So take it, this symbol of mother,
Of all that is holy and right,
And may its loveliness help you
To be perfected in His sight.



Thoughts of Mother

I'm sitting in the old armchair,
To soothe my little one to sleep,
When memories of the long ago
Into my vision softly creep.
I see a mother fondly clasp
Within her arms her babe to rest;
I hear the gentle notes of song
Which lull it on its mother's breast;
I can see the wild birds sing and sway
In the meadow trees the livelong day;
I can smell the scent of new-mown hay,
And wild-wood flowers that bloom in May.
Only a few short years had passed
When death had stilled that loving heart;
And O, the anguish of that hour,
When we with her were called to part.
The years have drifted swiftly by,
With weight of sorrow, sin and woe;
The babe now sleeps beneath the sod,
Whom mother loved so long ago;
But her love and prayers and actions kind,
Were a gift to those she has left behind.
May we each, our mother's Saviour find,
And in our hearts His precepts bind.

Jesus is Coming Again

TUNE: "CHRIST IN SONG," NO. 560

Jesus is coming in glory,
Join in the joyful refrain;
Tell to the world the glad story,
Soon He is coming to reign.

CHORUS

Tell the good news, tell the good news,
Tell the good news of His coming,
Sing it o'er land and o'er main;
Coming again! Coming again!
Tell the good news to the nations,
Jesus is coming again.

Once as a babe in the manger
Lowly they laid Him to rest;
Sweet was the sleep of the stranger
Watched by the angels so blest.

Once in the desert He hungered,
There He was tempted and tried;
Once of His own was rejected,
And for poor sinners He died.

Raised from the grave to redeem us,
Pleading for sinners He stands;
Soon He is coming to claim us,
Gath'ring His loved from all lands.

Swift to the work let us hasten,
Tell the sweet story of love,
Gathering sheaves for the Master;
Soon will He come from above.

Lines on Anniversary

Just thirty years ago today
We two were wed, dear John;
And now long years have passed away,
We cannot see quite clear, John;
How 'tis our "castles in the air"
Have failed to come in time, John;
We've had hard work, and good plain fare,
With more of prose than rhyme, John.

And now among my locks of brown
Some streaks of gray are rife, dear;
And having climbed, we now go down
The rugged hill of life, dear;
As hand in hand we've passed along
Beside our path have been, dear;
Full many flowers and cheery song,
To help us now and then, dear.

Though sometimes meager was our fare,
The children throve the same, John;
And honest sons and daughters fair
Enjoyed whatever came, John;
So if our hoards of gold are none,
We'll e'en be happy yet, John;
For greater wealth to us has come
Than money e'er can get, John.

Our children's love is richer still
Than all the hoards of earth, dear;
And honest friends and pure good-will
Of which we have no dearth, dear;
So let our voices join to praise
The One whose loving hand, dear;
Has blessed us in so many ways
With joys both true and grand, dear.

Memories

"Hush my dear," mother sang in the old rocking-chair,

With her babe softly folded to rest,
And the sweet lullaby faintly falls on my ear,
With the memories of childhood so blest,
Babe and mother both sleep in their low narrow beds,
"Sundered far," though one blood they both lie;
With the winter's warm blanket of snow o'er their heads,

Or the summer's soft breeze floating by.

As the years press along in their hurrying flight,
Soon to woman's estate I have grown,
And a mother, I sit by the fireside bright,
Which my little ones clustering throng;
And the lullaby song that my mother sang once
Are re-echoed again as I sing
And the tender thoughts come of that mother so dear,
As my babes to my loving arms cling.

Many years have gone by since those bright happy days,

And the children are scattered afar,
And the rooms which once rang with laughter so gay,

Are all silent—no echo doth mar;
But the treasures of memory still bring each bright face,

And I long for the home-coming so,
And in dreams all our loved one are gathered once more,

Round the hearth as in days long ago.

As I sit in the twilight and think of the ones
Who once brightened our home with their song
May the angels who guarded their childhood's low bed
Still their watch-care keep shielding from wrong.

May the dear, loving Father soon draw them to him,
And when life's toilsome journey shall cease,
May the loved ones all meet, sundered far though
we be,
In the home of rich blessings and peace.



A Call To Service

MUSIC: "MY OLD SOUTHERN HOME"

There are many people in the homeland
Who this message sweet have never heard;
And their hearts are filled with pain and anguish
For comfort contained in His word.

CHORUS:

In His home there is room
For the many millions who roam.
Let us hasten with the joyful tidings
That Jesus invites them to come.

They are groping on in sin and sorrow
And are loaded down with grief and care,
They are toiling onward with the burdens
That Jesus would help them to bear.

And beyond us dwelling in the shadows
Many people call aloud for light.
Shall we close our hearts to all their pleadings
And leave them alone in their night?

Let us rise and with the Gospel story
Which we have to tell of Jesus' love,
Send the message far to every nation
To fit them for mansions above.

A Dusty Road

'Tis a dusty road,
And the hot sun scorches
My face and hands
Like flaming torches;
But a soft breeze blowing,
From out the west,
Seems wooing the sun,
As a bird, to rest.
And the lights and shades
Of the summer grasses
Seem, as o'er it
The soft wind passes,
Like ocean's calm,
After storm and din,
When the little waves
Come rolling in.
So, as on we go,
We welcome gladly
The shady trees,
For we need them sadly.
My tired horse stops
At the fountain's brink
And quaffs her fill
Of the cooling drink.
The leafy trees
Make cooling arches,
In which to rest,
When the sun's heat parches.
There are so many joys
That e'en life's load
The lighter seems,
Though "a dusty road."



The Master's Call

The morning sun was shining.
I heard the Master's voice,—
"Come, labor in My vineyard,
Make Me thine only choice."
My heart is heavy laden
With sorrow, doubt and sin;
Can I then be accepted
And hope to enter in?

"Come unto Me, ye weary,"
The Master sweetly said,
"I gave My life to save thee,
For thee My blood was shed.
Lay down thy heavy burden,
Thy cares upon Me Cast,
And rest shall be thy portion,
Eternal rest at last."

All through the heat of noontide
I've faltering struggled on,
Till evening shadows warn me
My work is nearly done.
Though oft my feet have stumbled,
Yet Jesus at my side
Has lifted me so gently
Ere, faint, I drooped and died.

His arm, so strong and mighty,
The battle helped me win;
His heart so true and constant
Has drawn the wanderer in.
Oh, love so pure and holy!
Oh, Saviour, so divine!
Help me to keep Thee ever
Within this heart of mine.

Girlie

Years ago, with glad surprise,
Welcomed we a little stranger;
Joyfully the trust we took,
Though the world was full of danger.

Swift the happy hours went by;
How I envied them the going!
O, if we might keep her so!
But time's tide is swiftly flowing.

Childhood's days so quickly fly
With their hours of mirth and singing;
School-days pass so merrily,
And the years go onward winging.

Maiden coy is passing now;
Womanhood so sweet and tender,
Now has come, with sun and shade.
Thou who rul'st, be her defender.

Guide, O guide my girlie's feet,
In the paths of the immortals;
May she tread the shinning way,
Till she reach the pearly portals.



Signs on every hand fulfilling,
Tell of fast approaching ruin;
Tell of horrors of great darkness,
To the soul that's unprotected;
Tell of peace for those who wait;
Tell of joy for those who're looking,
And are longing for their Lord;
Tell of happiness unbounded
In a home all free from sorrow.

Signs of His Coming

TUNE: THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE

This world with all its trials very soon shall pass away,
And soon will usher in a glorious dawn;
See, the works of men are fallen and fast going to decay,
And soon on earth will come that final morn,
When, freed from sin and sorrow, those who love Him
shall behold
The Saviour in His beauty on the cloud,
For very soon our Lord will come to take His people
home,
While with triumph rings their hallelujahs loud.

CHORUS:

The Saviour's coming soon to take His children home;
We haven't long to work here below,
So let us faithful be until our weary task is done,
And in joy with Him to heaven we shall go.
The marshalling of armies tells of war and deadly strife,
"Distress of nations with perplexities;"
The sea and waves the chorus join, the winds lift up
their voice,
While famine rules in lands across the sea.
Wild flood and fire and earthquake tell of labor to be
done,
In warning men to seek the Pearl of price;
The hearts of men are failing them with dread of
things to come;
O, may We help them gain eternal life!



Only a copper penny,
But given with a prayerful thought,
May send the Gosple message
To those who know it not.

Children's Song

Listen to the children's song,
Hear their happy voices;
Join in concord sweet and strong,
Hear the children's song,
Jesus loves to hear them sing
Praises to their heavenly King;
Let His courts with music ring
Praises to our King.

Hear the birdies in their bowers
Sing their Maker's praises,
All the happy livelong hours
Singing in their bowers,
Jesus loves to hear their praise
While they sing their sweetest lays,
Flitting through the woodland maze,
Hear their song of praise.

See the flowers lift their heads
Praise of incense giving;
See them from their mossy beds
Lift their dewy heads,
Children, join with bird and flower
In your happy spring-time hour;
Praise Him, for His love and power,
In your childhood's hour.

When the evening shadows fall
See the stars come twinkling;
Praising Jesus one and all
As the shadows fall,
All the hosts of heaven combine
Thus to make His glory shine,
Let us all the chorus join
In the glad spring-time.



Heart of Love

There's not a thorn that can pierce our feet
Or a tear can dim the eye,
But the one who cares; sends a message sweet
And His heart gives sigh for sigh.

Though many a time our hearts may ache
And our path be rough with stone,
He who bore our griefs will our burdens take
For He careth for His own.

The days are dark with threat'ning doom,
And war-clouds blot the skies,
But we will not fear though the worst may come
For our Father hears our cries.

And His heart of love still yearns to save
The weakest of us all;
And there's not a need that our souls can crave
But He hears us when we call.



The Wee Stranger

Where art thou journeying, wee little stranger,
Launching thy bark on this life's stormy sea?
Knowest thou not that this life's full of danger
Dear little baby, just given to me?

See how the waves roll high! Lest they o'erwhelm thee,
Safe in the Master's hands sheltered thou'lt be;
Naught can my baby harm, kept by His watchcare,
Sweet little dreamer, rest quiet with me.

Then, though the tempest rage, safely He'll keep thee,
Waking or sleeping while He guards thy bed,
Through the long night, until morning cometh;
Safe on thy pillow rest sweetly thy head.

A Pleasure Missed

It had been a day of labor,
Toilsome work the whole day through,
And as evening's shadows gathered
There was much still left to do.

Still my tasks were yet unfinished,
And though clouds of beautiful hue
Were unfolding in the Heavens,
I had still some work to do.

Just a step outside the door-way,
Just a moment free'd from care,
Would have filled my soul with rapture
At the glory shining there.

But I failed to catch its beauty,
And 'twas lost to me for aye,
But the lesson that it carried,
Stayed with me for many a day.

Stop, and read the blessed tokens,
He in love hangs out for you;
Answer not the voices calling
"There's too much that I must do."

List the warbler sings his carol,
See the flowers lift their heads
All creation's filled with music,
And for you the feast He spreads.

Let us never be too busy,
With the toil and care and strife,
That we cannot hear the message
From the One who gives us life.

Look for beauty all around you,
You will find the day well spent,
And when night's shades close around you
You'll have nothing to repent.

Just Fifty Years

Just fifty years of hopes and fears,
Oh, when the journey started
Earth held no bliss so sweet as this,
Oh, who so happy hearted.

Through heat and cold, and cares untold,
You've gone the road together;
Though days were dark, for life's frail bark,
And gloomy was the weather.

Yet hand in hand at His command,
Who rules the lives of mortals,
And shapes the plan for maid and man,
To age, from life's fair portals.

If well you've tried to let Him guide,
Though stormy waves enfold you.
Safe Pilot, He, o'er life's rough sea,
And strong His arms will hold you.

Through toil or rest, He knoweth best,
And may he guide you ever,
Till day is done and setting sun,
Your life's works close forever.

And when your strength and life is spent
And each for right has striven,
May fresh'ning gale, fill well your sail,
And waft your bark toward Heaven.



Only a loving hand-pat
And a smile like morning dew,
But it helped to lift the burden
Of one whose joys were few.

Lighting a Candle

Far over the sea, very far away,
Where darkness and sin reigned supreme,
In the hearts of the people was kindled one day
A light with a wonderful gleam.

And children can help give the message sweet,
Send their gifts, these candles to light;
And the prayers of a child makes the gift complete,
And this message go with its might.

And in Heaven you'll meet some dear children
You by sacrifice helped to bring
To share in the beauties immortal and rare,
And worship our glorious King.



Our Baby

We have the dearest pet of all,
A wee sweet baby girl is she,
But though she is so very small,
She's just as good as she can be.
Her smile so glad, 'twill banish care
Her winning ways none will dispute,
And cunning dimples, too, are there;
What I have said, none can refute.
Of pearly teeth the number's small,
I counted them, there's only two,
But she don't worry, not at all,
She'll wait and get the others through.
Her many charms I could not tell,
But if you don't believe its true,
Just come and see her laugh, and, well,
She cries, sometimes, of course, don't you?

Asleep

Resting? Yes, resting, life's short battle ended,
Sweetly she's sleeping within her low bed;
Angel-guard watcheth the place where she's lying,
Knows all the tears which the loved ones have shed.

Knows how the mother, whose heart's filled with sorrow,
Feels as she lays her dear babe in the tomb;
Crushed by the blow which has snatched from her bosom
One more fair jewel, the light of their home.

Loving the Hand which has caused her to slumber,
Safe from the tumult and strife of the earth,
Folded securely and kept from all danger,
Priceless the jewel of heavenly birth.

Storms will arise and beat hard round her pillow
Deaf are the ears to the sound of the strife,
Famine and pestilence, woes without number,
Kept by the power of His infinite life.

Too frail and tender, the beautiful blossoms,
Lent for awhile to thus gladden our way;
Blest be the hand that gave, blessed that taketh,
Laid up our treasure, awaiting that day.

Joys without number remain for the ransomed,
Loved ones long sleeping, shall wake in that day;
And to the heart that has long been a-hungered,
Babes will be clasped, re-united for aye.

Lord, haste the day when the work shall be over,
When all who will, to this refuge have fled;
Blessed are those who have mourned, heavy hearted,
They shall have comfort, the Master hath said.

The Love-light of Home

Keep the love-light of home brightly burning,
Trim its well rounded circle with care
Lest the rootlets of peacefulness spurning
You are left in the depth of despair.

CHORUS

Keep the light, ever bright,
And an Eden on earth you may claim;
Keep the light, ever bright,
And an Eden in Heaven you'll gain.

When the storm-clouds of trouble surround you
And so murky and dark grows the sky,
Sure no dangers can hurt or confound you
With the love-light of home always nigh.

CHORUS

Fill the heart of the home with the love-light;
Bear the trials, whatever befall;
With your eyes ever turned toward the Master,
For He loveth and careth for all.

CHORUS

And at length when the journey is over,
And the burdens at last are laid down,
Then the "Home-land" at last we'll discover,
And our crosses we'll change for a crown.

CHORUS

Keep the light, ever bright,
And an Eden on earth you shall claim
Keep the light, ever bright,
'Till the Eden in Heaven you gain.



Oh, boundless sea, with your sunlit waves,
And ever restless motion,
Tell me about your hidden caves
Thou great and tireless ocean.

Only

A little maid, as she strolled along,
Passed by a field of blooming clover;
The larks were singing their sweetest song,
And butterflies fluttered the wide field over.

Oh, happy the maid on that summer day,
And her young voice joined with the birds
in singing,
And birds and bees and butterflies
Went a joyous flight through the ether winging.

But away to school ran the little maid,
Her face alight with the joy of living,
Her sun-browned cheeks bore the hue of health,
But her soul cried out to be used in giving.

She gave her all, it was only a song,
But it helped to cheer a soul sad-hearted;
She gave her influence to right a wrong,
And hearts were touched while teardrops
started.

Only a woman grown old and gray,
No gold in her toil-worn hands to proffer,
But a heart that longed, for many a day,
To bring some gift though she'd naught to offer.

But an earnest prayer to the one above,
And a tear for the sad and sighing,
A helping hand, and a work of love,
To the poor who were sick and dying.

No wealth had she for the needy ones,
Or talents grand and glowing,
But a tender pity for those who'd sinned,
And a heart with love overflowing.

The Old Fire Place

'Twas built in the side of the old log house,
And its bosom sent out a cheery light,
From the hickery logs on the andirons piled,
And laughed when the shadows took their flight.

From the open door when storms were high,
And snow-drifts heaped the ground with white,
Its blaze reaching out to the wanderer,
Shed a ruddy gleam through the darksome night.

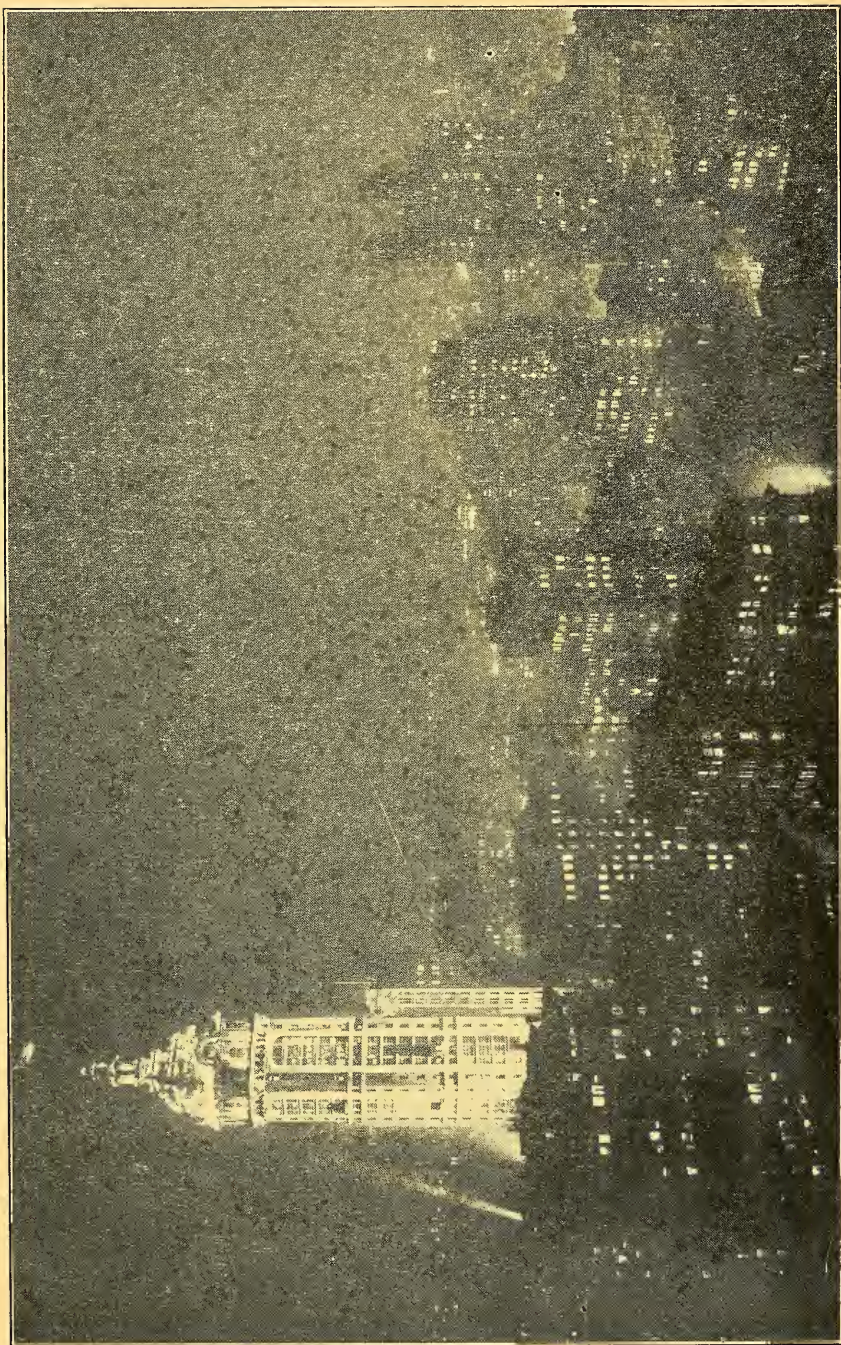
Within its bright and pleasant glow
A happy band of children played;
A father loved its warmth to know,
When softly came the evening shade.

A mother's gentle face a-beam
With love-light, views her jewels fair,
And over all the fire-light gleams
And sheds its radiance rich and rare.

* * * *

But gone are all those happy days;
Scattered the loved ones far and wide,
O'er many lands and toilsome ways
On desert drear, or mountain side.

Yet often, in the stress and gloom
That cheerful fire-light seems to glow,
And call us back to friends and home—
That light we nevermore shall know.



The Lives of a City

From my window I look on a city,
When the shadows of evening come down,
And look on the streets all a glitter with lights
And sadly I muse on the town.

The storm-clouds grow dark in the Heavens,
But still the lights flicker and gleam,
Unheeding the pattering raindrops that fall,
Which myriads of jewels seem.

And I think of the homes of the city
Where hearts beam with gladness and love,
While others are sad and despondent tonight,
Not a glimpse of light from above.

Not a ray of hope in the darkness
To dispel this earth's sorrow and night,
'Till a voice softly whispers, "O, come unto me,
And for darkness I'll give to you light.

"And for sorrow shall joy be your portion
For sickness, health speedily come;
If you leave off your hardness and sinning,
You shall dwell in that glorious home.

"You shall eat of the fruit of the Life tree,
And shall see the dear Saviour who died
To offer a ransom for all who will come
To the One who was crucified."

And I'm glad when I look on the city
That there's some who will heed the call.
And come, while the door of His mercies stands wide,
And there's pardon and cleansing for all.

A Child's Memories of a Storm

I

The day was sweltering, the earth was dry,
And curling corn leaves hoarsely cry,
And lift their tassels, athirst for rain.
All parched were the whitening fields of grain,
The sands were hot to the children's feet,
And silence o'er nature reigned complete.

II

A sudden rumble! The clouds roll high,
And dim and darken the earth and sky,
While vivid lightnings flash, and pale,
And race before the rising gale.
A distant mutter! A moaning sound!
And raindrops patter upon the ground.

III

Still nearer and nearer the storm clouds roll,
Until, in rapture, my very soul
Transported, views the wondrous sight
Of warring elements in their might.
A sound as though Heaven and earth were rent,
And the floods to their furies are giving vent.

IV

To Heaven's reservoir, opened wide
To usher in a foaming tide
Of pent up power; a lull, and then
A fiercer blast rushed by, as when
In ancient days the waters rose
And overwhelmed God's sinful foes.

V

From hill to hill the thunders roar
And dashing torrents downward pour.
A sudden crah! a tearing sound!

The mighty forces shake the ground
Like tramp of armies in deadly strife,
When brave men struggle for very life.

VI

A sycamore tree stands rent and torn
By a bolt which the storm-clouds breast had borne.
And then, as spent by their mad career
Afar in the distance they disappear.
And the sun looks down on the freshen'd earth
As though a new Eden were given birth.

VII

And thus I see in clouds which lower
An emblem of God's mighty power;
And hear His voice through tempests roar
Speaking peace, as He spoke in days of yore,
And an emblem true will the promise hold,
A bow in the clouds to my eyes unfold.



Alone

Alone, and we have walked life's path
For more than forty peaceful years,
And now, no more his voice I hear,
Although I seek him oft with tears.
For he is gone from out my life,
No more to answer to my call;
I speak his name before I think,
And there is silence, that is all.
For he is sleeping his last sleep
Which knows no change till Jesus come;
Ah, glad would I, were my work o'er—
Sleep by his side at set of sun.
I must not mourn for loved ones gone,
Others are needing me today;
With faith and prayer, I'll journey on,
Nor grieve too sore along the way.

For that great day will soon be here;
We'll clasp our dear ones, ne'er to part.
Rejoice! we know His coming's near,
This truth shall strengthen my sad heart.

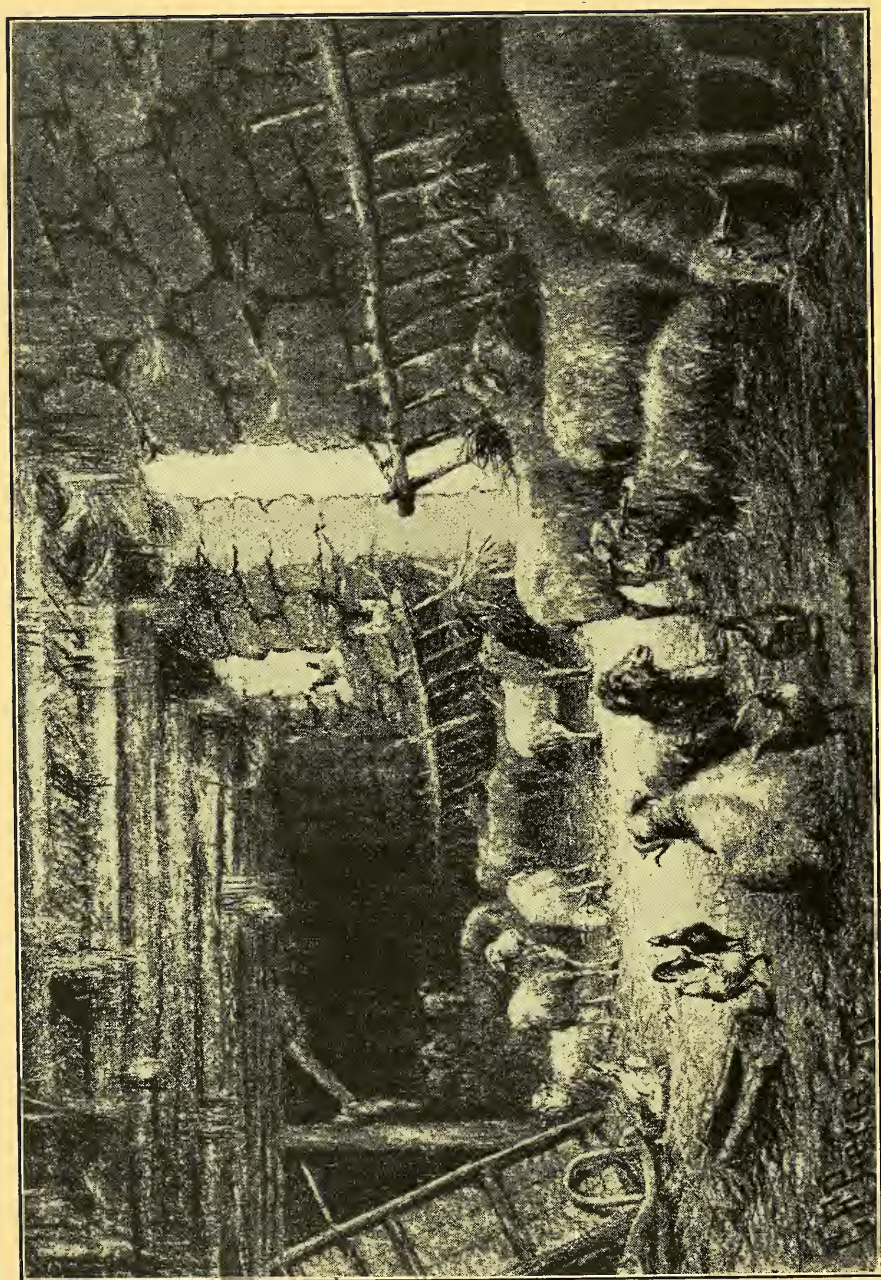


Autumn Leaves

The woods are bright with a scarlet flame,
Or with gold and green are dressed,
While the cricket chants a funeral dirge
As he hides in the earth's cold breast.
And far away rings the farewell note
Of birds, who their homes must leave,
And wing their way to the sunny south,
Though our hearts they sadly grieve.

The autumn leaves play a merry tune,
As they eddy round and round,
'Till at last with a flip and a merry slip
They softly fall to the ground.
But though storms must come, and their forms at last
Are lost in the leafy mold,
Yet when spring-time comes, the forgotten leaf
May blossom in green and gold.

So like the leaves, we are blithe and gay,
Or sad, as the rain-drop comes,
'Till our heart-strings, touched by a hand divine,
Shall vibrate, with joyful tones.
The rhymes we sing, and the thoughts that spring
May sleep awhile in the mold,
But a brighter, yes, and a fairer life
May blossom in finest gold.



The Burial of Autumn

The Autumn winds blow bleak and cold,
But gaily the lambkins play;
The farm-boy drives his flocks to their fold
As he whistles a round-de-lay.

The yellow corn has been gathered in,
And piled in the old corn crib.
Like a horn of plenty with golden store,
'Tis filled to its topmost rib.

The products of farm and garden are brought
Through the cellar's open door,
Until, with potato and apple bins,
They reach from ceiling to floor.

The farmer hies to the old wood road,
And the wood pile grows each day;
The horses strain with the heavy load,
Which sways on the homeward way.

For winter will come, and the warm fire-light
Must be fed from the autumn's hoard;
And old and young will be sung and bright,
As they gather around the board.

So the autumn's here and is dying fast,
As the dry leaves softly fall,
And when winter comes they'll sleep at last
With the beautiful snow over all.

A flake of snow comes eddying round,
And falls on the earth's cold breast,
And others follow it to the ground
Until autumn is laid to rest.

How Many

How many of those whom we now behold,
Whose faces we love so well,
Shall walk with Him in the City of Gold
In those mansions of glory dwell.

CHORUS

How many are they? How many are they?
Who will join the happy throng
Which shall enter in to the City's gates
And join in the conqueror's song.

How many who walk through the busy street
And join in the jostling throng
Shall with garments white at the Master's feet
Unite in the glad new song?

How many are those who on pleasure bent
On the surging sea of life,
Shall turn their steps in the narrow way
As they go through this world of strife?

How many will seek from the crowds that pass
Some gems for the Saviour's crown,
Who for you and me on Calvary's tree
His wonderful life laid down?

Shall we be ready for our Lord to see
And to hear His words "Well Done,"
To see His smile and to hear Him say,
"Come enter my glorious home?"



Only a kind word spoken
Only a gentle deed,
But it showed the way to Jesus
To one who was sore in need.



The Wonders of Out of Doors

I love the country, full and free,
Where we can breathe the freshest air,
Where wonders manifold we see,
For there is beauty everywhere.
I walk through fields and woods close by,
Bright flowers adorn the ways I go,
And clinging tendrils charm the eye,
'Tis lovely, for God made it so.

Such tiny flowers I picked one day,
So delicate, yet wondrous fine,
And perfected, in every way,
For He who made them is divine.
Each spire of grass that nature weaves,
Into a carpet for our feet,
All clinging moss and verdant leaves
Are emblems of the Infinite.

And when I think of His great power
That formed the atom and the oak,
The mountains which above us tower,
The birds and bees, to being spoke;
Unfathomed, all these wonders are
The stars of Heaven, the mighty sea,
His loving thought and tender care,
How wondrous He should think of me.

He deigns to own us as His friends,
Co-workers with Him in the soil.
By sweat of face we gain our ends,
He blesses all our honest toil.
The growing grain, and ripened wheat,
And fruit and vines for food of man,
His helpers, we, in labor sweet
All work together in His plan.

A Gleam of Light

A light too small, it seemed, to light the darkness;
And desert sands stretched far amid the gloom;
But rays of light shone out upon the pathway,
A beacon guiding wanderers to their home.

A traveler, worn and tired, with the burden
That he had carried many a weary day,
Took heart, and hastened toward the light that glimmered
And shone invitingly along the way.

A feeble knock, for he was spent with travel;
The door was opened at his lightest touch,
"Come in and rest thee," his soul was weary,
And so he came, for he had longed so much

To reach a place of rest, and he was hungry,
And food within his weary hands was pressed,
And water clear and sparkling, from a fountain,
Refreshed his tired frame and gave him rest.

But, best of all, he found a light set burning,
That lighteth every man this world within,
And drank his fill beside the Living Fountain,
Which cleansed and purified from every sin.

The Bread of Life he ate, then went rejoicing,
To scatter light of life to those in need;
In darkest spots of earth a beacon lighting,
In barren wastes to scatter precious seed.

He tells earth's lonely ones, that soon the coming
Of One who died for sin to set men free
Will be revealed, and those who love the Master
Shall, happy, in His Kingdom ever be.



Such A Wonderful Saviour

A wanderer, I, upon the desert,
No light to guide me through the gloom;
The clouds were dark around my pathway,
And naught but death my rightful doom.

When through the tempest
I heard my Saviour
His sad voice calling,
The night was falling:
Like sweetest music
The invitation
In gentle accents,
"Child, come home."

I came to Jesus, broken-hearted,
And in His love He pardoned me;
And now from earthly joys I've parted,
For by His grace He set me free.

I go rejoicing—
The way seems brighter,
And all before me
The path grows lighter,
And full of gladness
I'll follow onward,
I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

The world may call me with its trifles,
Its pleasures lure, but to destroy;
I've found a precious friend in Jesus,
And joys of earth are but alloy.

Oh come and test Him
And be forgiven,
For soon in glory
He comes from heaven;
He's gently pleading
While mercy lingers,
"Come, poor sinners,
Come to me."

Two Weavers

A weaver sits by her loom and works
Her hands fly swiftly the whole day long
Through storm and calm, she never shirks,
And her shuttle sings a merry song.

And even bright colors or dark she weaves
Over and over the whole day through;
'Till at last her task is done; and she leaves
Her loom, the finishing off to do.

She ties the threads, and she snips the ends,
Until at last it is smooth and neat,
Then smiles, as she views her finished work,
And joys, her labor is now complete.

And I thought of the master, His work are we;
He holds the shuttle, He weaves each strand;
And the dark and light in our lives may be
To make us fit for that better land.

Sometimes impatient we may become,
Too much of the darkness woven in,
"Too little of sunshine," we sadly moan;
But so it will be in this world of sin.

Let dark clouds gather, there's always light
Behind their rim, where He hides His face.
There'll be welcome home, and a glory bright,
To those who through darkness His love
can trace.

The Home Beyond

I've heard the story told so oft,
But yet 'tis ever new,
The story of our blessed Lord
Who died for me and you,
And to His Father did ascend,
Bright mansions to prepare;
And if we're faithful here below
We soon shall meet Him there.

That land with living water flows,
And trees are fresh and green:
And flowers with fragrance fill the air,
And bright the golden sheen
Of fruitful fields of waving grain;
Naught can on earth compare
With joys our Saviour has in store,
For those who meet Him there.

I long to see His blessed face,
And hear the ransomed sing
All praise and honor to His name,
While heaven's arches ring.
Let's join the ranks of workers here,
And faithful servants prove,
Then sing, "All hail!" when Jesus comes
In glory from above.



Set your work high, nor deign to stoop
To grosser things of earth,
If failures come, then rise again
And make them stepping-stones to worth;
Be God's great love your hope and joy,
And faith your guiding star, my boy.

Consecration

Not to sit down with folded hands
To wait the Lord's anointing,
But with feet well shod and armor bright
To do the Lord's appointing.

To work while 'tis day in the harvest field
To go with a faith undaunted,
To suffer or die if so He wills,
This is the service wanted.

None who "stand idle all the day"
Will have sheaves for the Master's pleasure;
So up and work! He calls, away,
With overflowing measure.

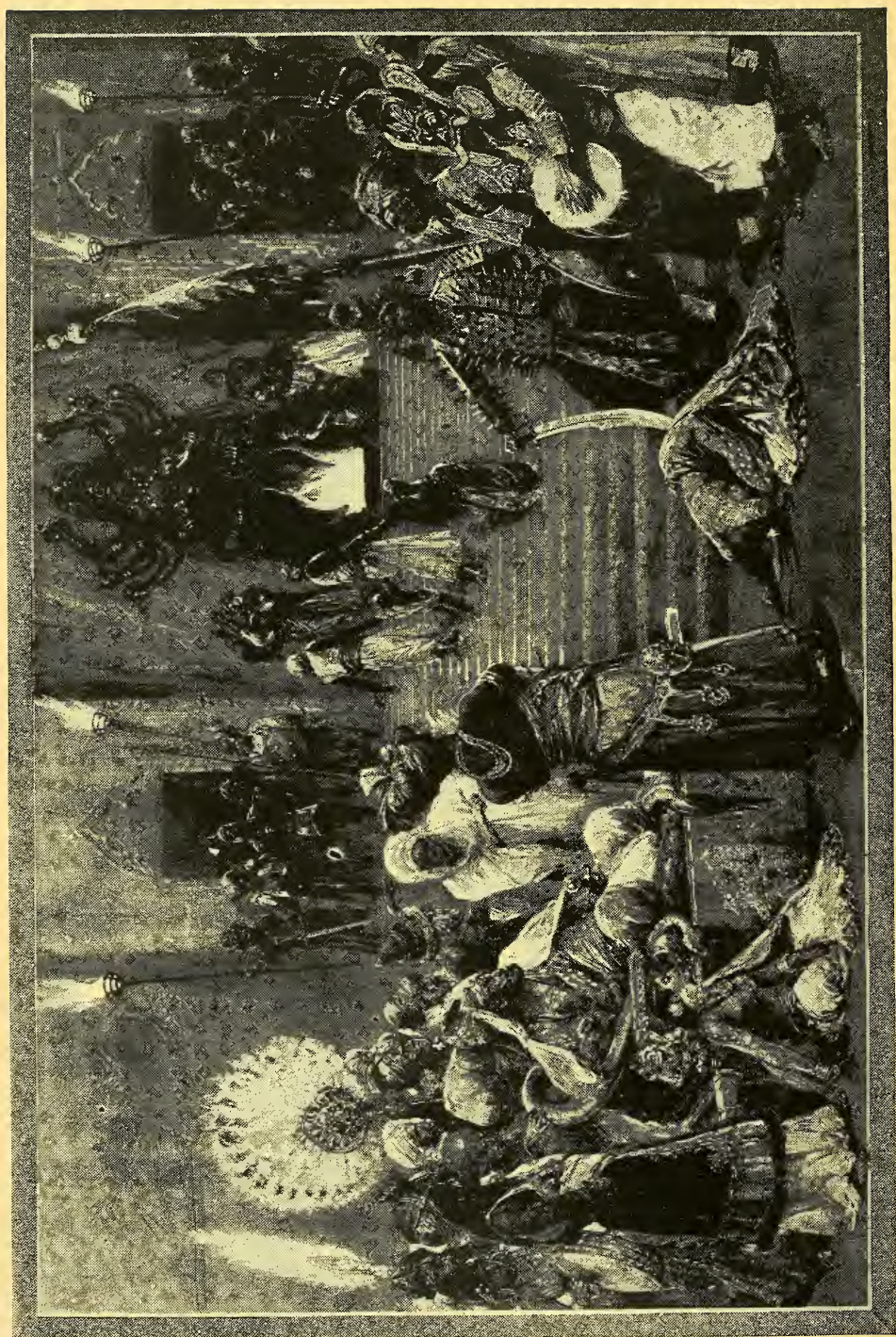
Filled with the Holy Spirit's power,
Vanished all doubts and sighing,
His will be done, from this very hour
Our all on the altar lying.



A sluggish pond lay in its nest
Around rose hills, with trees bestead,
Pale water lillies on its breast
Their roots dug deep in slimy mud,
Yet up from the filth to God's sun light,
Stands a beautiful flower so pure and white.



Some people there are that believe in luck,
But the kind that seems best to me
Is not by a horse-shoe symbolized,
But is luck prefixed by a "P".



The Overcomers

From far off lands still comes the cry
Of many people calling;
They bow them down to wood and stone
Prone on their faces falling.
And still their cry rings out to us
Who know the gospel tidings.
Shall we this message send to them,
And own the spirits guidings?

A great reward awaits the ones
Who, patiently enduring
Keep striving for the promised prize
And turn from pleasure's luring.
Their treasure is laid up above;
To do their Father's pleasure
Is all they ask. Their heart of love
Finds comfort without measure.

They take the message far and near,
To distant plain and mountain,
Their voice with stirring note and clear,
Points to the cleansing fountain
Where Christ's own blood was shed for all
(Who will accept salvation),
The honest souls upon the earth
From every tribe and station.

"To him who overcomes the world,"
The message sweet is given.
"A place is promised on His throne"
And mansions fair in Heaven.
To all who love and serve Him here
Shall ope' the pearly portals,
And songs of victory shall cheer
The ones who reign immortals.

Presentation Verses for the Bible

Man's word may fail,
But God's word standeth sure;
Though all else come to naught,
It shall endure.

Take and read this precious casket,
Filled with pearls of greatest worth;
Heed, O heed its truths, I ask it;
Better they, than gems of earth.

Like a precious fountain,
Pouring from its brink,
Streams of living water,
Where we all may drink.

May this precious Bible be
A token of God's love for thee;
May its truths to thee be blest,
In giving thee eternal rest.

Accept this treasure, friend of mine,
And search its pages o'er;
A lamp to light those feet of thine
Unto the other shore.



Heart Throbs

Away in the grand old mountains,
Afar from earth's busy strife,
Thus in the heart of nature
Shall my nestlings begin their life;
The trees of forest ever
An inspiration will be,
My heart shall be saddened never
With all these beauties to see.

So we builded a home in the greenwood,
And my nestlings were given me,
And day by day were nourished
Their lives so lovingly.
Life could not be quite sordid
With so many things to love,
With the beauteous mountains round us
And with God's sweet sky above.

And often in early morning,
As I looked from our cottage door,
I could see the mountain ranges
Wrapped in their mantle hoar,
And ever the massive redwoods
Their tall spires pointing above,
A grand and wonderful temple
All proving our God is love.

And the music of the pine trees
And the giant redwoods tall
Were atuned to the harps of heaven,
And I loved them, loved them all;
The flowers in the garden whispered
Of the love that never fails,
And the songsters sang their sweetest
In their quiet woodland vales.

The mountains still are guarding,
Though rent by earthquake shock,
The valley and flowing streamlet,
But my heart it mindeth not,
For the ones who blessed our table
And brightened our cottage door
Have taken their place in life's battle,
And the children return no more.

For a time my heart shall hunger,
And my longing eyes grow dim,
But when earth's last sheaves are gathered
Then they will be welcomed in;
The toil and strife all over,
All the sin and heartache past.
Then there will be joyful meetings
When the Home Call sounds at last.



Thanksgiving Time

'Tis said that in November
There comes a special day
In which we should be thankful
With all our hearts alway.

And this is as it should be,
This custom of good cheer,
To praise the bounteous Giver
For blessings of the year.

So we won't forget Him,
The author of us all;
'Tis surely right and proper
To keep it every fall.

'Tis fine to meet with loved ones
Around our humble boards,
And naught on earth can equal
The joy that home affords.

The home-made bread and butter;
O, how the moments fly,
When at the table seated
We eat the pumpkin pie!

And taste the cakes and apples
And num'rous other things,
And join the merry laughter—
Time surely must have wings.

For soon the day is over,
And friends must part forsooth;
But ever lingers with us,
To age from early youth,

The joy of these reunions;
The blessings which they bring,
The lowly home and loved ones
Are coveted by kings.

I think each day should bring us
A glad thanksgiving time;
For O, His love and mercies
From day to day are mine.

And so from year's commencement
Until December's old,
We all have cause to thank Him
For blessings manifold.

When Jesus Comes

No heart shall ache when Jesus comes;
We'll all be gathered home;
No sad heart break when Jesus comes;
We'll all be gathered home;
No tear drops dim our waking eyes,
No sound of grief or sorrow's sighs,
But rapturous songs shall fill the skies;
We'll all be gathered home.

No death's cold wave when Jesus comes;
We'll all be gathered home;
No lonely grave when Jesus comes;
We'll all be gathered home;
No long farewell, the fond heart crushed,
No sad refrain, "dust unto dust;"
But glorious meeting with the just;
We'll all be gathered home.

O, glorious time when Jesus comes!
We'll all be gathered home;
O sight sublime! when Jesus comes,
We'll all be gathered home.
O, hasten on, great day so blest,
And bring the saint's eternal rest!
O, let me hide in Jesus' breast,
When we are gathered home.



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